A Moment, A Love

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Summary:

Eddie Kaspbrak hates his best friend, Richie Tozier, AKA Trashmouth. At least, that's what he tells himself to hide his true feelings.

Sometimes, he doesn't even know how he manages to tolerate that boy.

That is, until one party changes everything.

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Author's Note:

> Hey guys! So this will just be a Reddie One-Shot. I'm in the process of writing my next chapter in my multi-chaptered reddie fic, but this one shot idea popped into my head today and I just knew I had to write about it. Enjoy!

"Alright, is e-everyone ready?" Bill Denbrough asked the losers.

"As ready as I'll ever be," Stan replied grimly.

The losers were actually going to a party.

Like, a *party* party. With lots of people, and food, and booze, and loud music.

None of them ever thought they'd ever even *see* a party, but here they were, their senior year of high school, going to an actual party at one of the most popular student's houses.

Well, to be completely honest, Richie was the only one who was invited because he ended up becoming friends with some of the popular student's mutual friends, but he made it clear that he wouldn't be showing up if his own best friends weren't showing up with him.

The popular kids reluctantly accepted Richie's offer.

So, here they all were, crowded around at Bill's house, getting themselves ready.

Richie was already at the party. He went over earlier to help get it set up.

"Guys, I really don't know about this," Eddie said softly, audibly gulping as he adjusted the collar of his gray button up.

"Oh, come on. It'll be fun. It's just one party. What's the worst that

could happen?" Beverly warmly said as she helped Eddie with his shirt collar.

"What's the worst that can happen? Are you seriously asking me that question? You could accidentally accept a drink that's something completely different than what you expected, and next thing you know, you're blackout drunk. Or what if someone gets in a fight and they accidentally punch you in the face? Or what if someone calls the cops for a noise complaint? Everyone is busted. W-what if-"

"Eddie!" Mike blurted. "We're going to be fine. Come on, we're the losers club. We stick together. We'll take care of each other while we're there," he explained.

Bill, Stan, Bev, and even Ben nodded in agreement.

Eddie sighed. He was really at a loss with this one.

"Fine, let's just get this stupid party over with. The only reason I'm really going is because of Richie," he grumbled.

"Then let's go and have fun. For Richie," Beverly said with a simple grin.

Eddie rolled his eyes. He couldn't believe he was actually going to a party. That environment would be absolutely disgusting. People throwing up and spitting everywhere, and even worse, people making out and having sex wherever they wanted. Eddie shuddered at the thought.

The only reason he got into this mess is because Richie begged him to come.

"Come on, Eddie, please? Do it for your best bud, Richie. Please? With a cherry on top?"

Eddie remembered how hopeful Richie looked when he asked him to come.

Eddie knew he couldn't say no to that look Richie was giving him. He remembered how Richie's face lit up and he leaned down to give Eddie a big, wet kiss on the cheek before wrapping his arm around

Eddie's shoulder and walking him home.

"That's my Eds! You're the best! We're going to have a great time!"

Eddie softly smiled at the memory. He loved being the one to make Richie that happy.

Sometimes, Eddie couldn't believe that he had a secret crush on Richie Tozier of all people. The boy was pretty gross, to be honest. Not to mention how crude and obnoxious he always was.

Eddie and Richie were complete opposites, but somehow, their personalities matched each other's perfectly.

They helped each other out in more ways than they realized.

However, that didn't stop the fact that Eddie found himself rolling his eyes or scoffing over and over again while he was with Richie.

He could never tell anyone about his crush on Richie, especially not Richie himself. He would just get laughed at and mocked.

Sometimes, when Eddie was alone with Richie, the two of them laying in Eddie's bed together in complete silence, Eddie would imagine they were a couple.

They practically looked like one, with Eddie always resting his head on Richie's chest as Richie would wrap his arms protectively around Eddie's small body.

He lived for those moments between the two of them.

When they were surrounded by the whole losers club, Richie was his usual loud and annoying self, constantly cracking "your mom" jokes that weren't even funny.

But some nights, when Eddie couldn't sleep, he'd call Richie and the two of them would stay up for hours talking about anything and everything.

But the best nights were when Richie would come crawling through Eddie's window with that big goofy grin on his face, making up some

excuse about needing to see Eddie. Then they would lay down and cuddle, sometimes talking, and sometimes just enjoying the silence together.

Eddie couldn't help but love that side of Richie. That was the real side of him that he only let Eddie see. That was the Richie that Eddie was pretty sure he's in love with.

But he can't ever admit that. His friendship with Richie would be shattered if he admitted that he's in love with him.

Besides, how could Richie ever love him back? How could Richie ever love a tiny boy who couldn't go one hour without his inhaler, who hated germs with a passion, who was constantly nagging everyone even though he was just doing his best to help?

"Eddie? Eddie? Earth to Eddie!"

Eddie suddenly realized he had a hand waving right in front of his face.

"What?"

"You've been zoned out for the past few minutes. You okay?" Ben asked worriedly.

Eddie suddenly nodded his head quickly.

"Oh! Yeah, I-I'm fine. I'm good," he finished lamely.

"M-man, why is it that I-I took w-w-way longer than Eddie g-getting ready, b-b-but he still looks w-way better than all o-of us?" Bill said aloud to everyone as he stared at Eddie in disbelief.

Everyone looked Eddie up and down and nodded their heads, agreeing with Bill.

Eddie flushed and shook his head.

"Whatever, you're crazy. You all look great," he said.

"You cleaned up very nicely tonight, though," Beverly said as she

turned him around to look at himself in the floor length mirror they had set up.

Eddie had to admit. This was the first time he was actually feeling the slightest bit good about the way he looked and dressed tonight.

He had black jeans on that hugged his legs just right, with a dark gray button up tucked in. He had on a shiny pair of black Oxford shoes that he bought a few weeks ago with some of his savings money. His hair, which he let grow out a little bit was styled with actual product for once. Beverly helped him with it. She did a fantastic job. His hair actually looked thick.

”T-thanks,” he said quietly, fighting to keep his blush down.

He hoped Richie liked how he looked.

”Well, let’s get going, shall we?”

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The party was already in full swing when the losers arrived.

Eddie felt his throat constrict at the sight of the house, so he quickly pulled out his inhaler, and breathed in the mist. He felt much better after a few seconds.

They stepped out of Mike’s car and walked in slowly.

The scene inside was just like the parties you see in a movie.

Tons of students from their high school were in the house. Music blasted throughout the house and some students were dancing, more like stumbling along to the beat of the song.

The house reeked of booze already. Eddie scrunched his nose in disgust at the smell. The losers squeezed their way through the crowd, finally stopping together at one of the less crowded corners of the living room.

“Ugh,” Stan groaned. “How are people already this drunk?” He asked, as numerous students next to him began tripping over each other

while laughing.

Bill shrugged his shoulders and grinned.

”I-I’m gonna go get a-a drink. Anyone want t-to come with me?” He asked.

”I will!” Beverly said.

Bill smiled gratefully and the two walked away towards the kitchen.

Eddie, Stan, Mike, and Ben all stood in awkward silence. They didn’t really know what to do.

“Stan the man! What’s going on?”

Eddie’s ears perked at the sound of a very familiar voice.

He turned, along with Stan, Mike and Ben, seeing none other than Richie Tozier walking towards the four of them.

Eddie’s eyes widened at the sight of him.

Richie looked...amazing.

He was wearing black skinny jeans, and a black v neck tucked in, topping it off with a black leather jacket that fit him perfectly. His hair, which had grown out a lot over the years, was free and thick. His curls looked shiny and soft. Eddie wanted to touch them so bad. He was wearing a pair of scuffed up black converse, and he even ditched his glasses in favor of some new contacts Eddie had just helped him buy a few weeks ago.

He took Eddie’s breath away.

”Hey man. You look great!” Stan replied with a grin, fist bumping Richie.

”I know I do. No need to remind me, buddy,” Richie teased before shaking hands with Mike and Ben. He still hadn’t noticed Eddie.

“I’m glad you guys could make it out. I was starting to think you all

weren't comi-“

Richie cut himself off as he suddenly turned his head and made eye contact with Eddie.

Eddie watched as Richie's eyes seemed to widen, slowly running down Eddie's body and back up.

Eddie felt his face get hot at the attention he was currently getting from Richie.

”E-Eds. You uh, you look really g-good. Uh, great. You look great,” Richie said quietly, not once taking his eyes off of Eddie.

Eddie felt himself smile at the compliment.

“Thank you,” he replied softly. “You don't look so bad yourse-“

”Richie!”

Some random girl that Eddie sort of recognized from school came bounding over, wrapping her arm around Richie's shoulder.

”Come on! I need your help with.....getting more chips!” She said, obviously making up an excuse to get him to come with her.

Richie was silent for a few seconds, slowly moving his head from her, to Eddie, then back to her.

He finally sighed and nodded, allowing her to drag him away.

Richie turned around one last time to make eye contact with Eddie, saying “I'll catch up with you in a little bit!”

Then he disappeared out of Eddie's sight.

Eddie felt his heart drop.

Of course the one person he came to this party for wasn't even able to talk to him.

Eddie sighed before turning back to Ben, Mike and Stan.

However, the three boys were gone.

He quickly looked around and saw each of them at various parts of the living room, talking to some students that Eddie assumed were their friends.

He strained to see into the kitchen, only to see Bill and Bev doing the exact same thing with their own friends as well.

Eddie felt his throat start to burn. Here he was, stuck at this party with no one to talk to. No one here wanted to talk to him. He began feeling overwhelmed with emotion and he knew he needed to get outside for some fresh air.

He quickly scrambled through the crowd and went out the back of the house.

Luckily, the entire back porch was empty.

He sat down on the porch and quickly reached into his pocket for his inhaler.

He pressed down and let the mist shoot down his throat. He had to press down three times before he was finally able to get his breathing down to a normal pace.

He glanced behind him back inside and happened to catch the one sight he didn't want to see it at all.

He saw Richie, with his back leaned against a counter in the kitchen, grinning as the girl who dragged him away was whispering in his ear while her hands were playing with his jacket.

Eddie felt tears spring to his eyes at the sight and he felt his throat closing up yet again. He put the inhaler to his mouth and pressed down.

But no mist sprayed out.

Eddie scrunched his eyebrows together in confusion and tried pressing down again.

But still, no mist came out.

His eyes widened in disbelief as he realized it was empty.

He set it aside and quickly reached into his pockets, hoping with everything he had, he would feel an extra one.

But he knew he had only brought one inhaler. He didn't even think about bringing an extra one tonight. He must've forgotten.

He began panicking, and his chest seemed to tighten, causing him to gasp for breaths.

He picked up his inhaler and started shaking it, before pressing down again.

The tiniest amount of mist came out, but it wasn't nearly enough to help him breathe again.

Tears began rushing down his face as he pressed down over and over again, but to no avail.

He was gasping hard and loud now, he felt like he couldn't breathe at all.

He didn't even hear the back door open, and he didn't hear footsteps rushing to his side.

The next thing he felt was a large hand gently holding the side of his face as the other hand held an inhaler up to his mouth.

The hand pressed down on the inhaler and Eddie felt a regular amount of mist shooting into his throat, immediately making him feel much better.

Moments passed as he sat there, letting those hands press down on the inhaler a few more times for him, finally getting his breath back to normal.

Finally, his blurry vision from his tears began to clear up and he was suddenly staring right into the worried and scared looking eyes of Richie.

”Eddie? Eddie, are you okay? Are you alright?” He asked worriedly, stroking the side of Eddie’s face with one hand, while the other hand softly rubbed circles on Eddie’s back.

Eddie slowly nodded as he took deep and long breaths.

”I-I’m fine. I just started having trouble breathing in there and my inhaler ran out,” he softly explained to Richie, who just kept gazing at him with that same worried expression.

“I noticed you weren’t inside anymore so I went out to the front looking for you and then I came back here and noticed you were having an asthma attack,” Richie quickly explained.

Eddie squeezed his eyes shut in embarrassment.

“I’m sorry,” he whispered while shaking his head.

”Eddie!” Richie replied. “Do not apologize. You have absolutely nothing to be sorry for.”

Eddie nodded his head and stared down at the ground before he realized something.

“Where’d you get that inhaler from?” He asked, genuinely curious.

Richie glanced down at the inhaler he was still holding in his hand before Eddie saw a blush creep up his cheeks.

”I keep this as an extra for you. Just in case,” he quietly admitted.

Eddie felt butterflies in his stomach, and he softly smiled.

”You carry an extra inhaler for me?”

Richie slowly nodded.

“Of course I do. I need to make sure my Eddie Spaghetti is okay at all times,” he said.

Eddie rolled his eyes and smacked Richie’s arm.

”Don’t call me that,” he scolded, though he couldn’t help but grin.

Richie grinned and wrapped his arm around Eddie's shoulder, pulling him in close.

"Thank you, Richie," He suddenly whispered.

"Anytime, Eddie," Richie replied.

They stared at each other silently for a few minutes before Eddie cleared his throat and smiled.

"You, um. You look really nice tonight," he shyly said to Richie.

Richie's face lit up and he broke out into a large smile.

"Yeah? You think so? I'm really happy you think so. I was really only trying to impress one person tonight, and it sounds like I just succeeded."

Eddie flushed and stared up at the sky.

Silence fell between the two, as they both watched the stars in the sky.

Eddie slowly turned his head and stared at Richie.

Richie looked absolutely beautiful. His eyes were shining and he had a content grin spread across his face.

Eddie suddenly felt overwhelmed at the love he felt for his best friend.

Richie turned his head and made eye contact with Eddie.

"What's bothering you, Eds?" He whispered, reaching a hand out to brush a stray hair out of Eddie's eyes.

Eddie closed his eyes at the feeling of Richie's fingers lightly grazing his face.

"N-nothing," Eddie said.

He felt Richie's hand now cup his cheek. He opened his eyes and found Richie way closer than he was just a few seconds ago.

“It’s not nothing. Tell me, Eddie,” he softly whispered, being ever so gentle with Eddie.

”I just- I guess I don’t understand why you’re out here with me, when there are tons of pretty girls in there waiting for you,” Eddie finally admitted.

He was ashamed of himself for saying that out loud.

He pulled away from Richie’s grasp on his cheek and covered his face with his hands, not even wanting to look at Richie.

He felt hands prying at his own fingers. Richie laced their fingers together.

“There’s not a single person in there who holds a candle to my Eddie Spaghetti. None of them matter to me nearly as much as you do,” Richie said with such complete honesty and sincerity.

His eyes were wide and completely serious as he spoke.

Eddie wanted to cry.

”Richie, I love you,” Eddie suddenly blurted.

He watched as Richie faltered for a second, before his eyes shined and he softly smiled.

Richie leaned in and cupped Eddie’s face in his large hands.

Eddie couldn’t take his eyes off of Richie.

He didn’t care about anything right now.

He didn’t care about the party, that dumb girl, the rest of the losers.

All he cared about was the boy he was with in this moment. Right here, right now.

Richie continued to slowly lean in, closer and closer, his gaze dropping down to Eddie’s lips.

Eddie dropped his eyes to Richie’s lips as well before he squeezed his

eyes shut.

Finally, he felt a pair of lips brush against his. It was so light, barely even a kiss.

Richie pulled back a tad bit to check Eddie's reaction, before moving back in and pressing his lips against Eddie's again.

This time, Eddie pressed back with his lips, and he sighed into the kiss.

This was everything he had ever wanted. This was what he had been dreaming for ever since he was in middle school.

He slowly reached up and tangled his hands into Richie's thick curls, pulling his face even closer.

Their lips moved together and they both let out small breathy sighs at the beautiful feeling.

Eddie pulled back for air, but Richie quickly attacked his neck, pressing wet kisses down and sucking on his collarbone.

Eddie whined and threw his head back, giving Richie more access.

"I love you so fuckin much, Eds," Richie gasped against his neck.

Eddie shivered at the feeling and he pulled Richie's face up to meet in a hard and bruising kiss again.

Their lips moved fast and messily, as their hands grasped for hair, clothes, arms, face. Eddie felt Richie's tongue shove into his own mouth and he groaned at the feeling.

He suddenly felt himself being pulled up completely and before he knew it, he was sitting in Richie's lap. He automatically adjusted to his new position and he wasted no time in pushing his hips down against Richie's.

Richie groaned deep and long. He tore his lips from Eddie's and threw his head back.

”Shit, Eddie. You’re so hot.”

Eddie grinned at the comment.

He slammed his lips against Richie’s as he continued to grind down against him.

Richie gripped Eddie’s waist and pulled him down harder, guiding Eddie’s hips.

Eddie gripped Richie’s shoulders for support as he completely let himself go.

He sped up his hips and he yanked Richie’s hair as they continued to kiss with so much force. Richie’s tongue was shoved down his throat and his hands were pushing up the back of Eddie’s shirt but he didn’t care.

“R-Richie I’m gonna - I’m gonna,”

”Me too, babe. Me too,” Richie panted.

Eddie melted at the pet name and continued grinding his hips down hard and fast as Richie pulled him in to meet in another bruising kiss.

Eddie finally felt himself let go, coming with one more shout and completely soaking his own underwear.

Richie followed only a few seconds later.

Eddie rode out his high before collapsing against Richie completely.

Richie immediately wrapped his arms around Eddie and dropped a soft kiss on his head.

“I love you,” Richie whispered.

Eddie lifted his head and grinned.

“I love you too, Trashmouth.”

Eddie suddenly scrunched his eyebrows in disgust as he quickly realized the mess in his boxers.

“We should go get cleaned up,” he said quietly to Richie.

Richie hummed in agreement, so Eddie got up off of his lap and pulled Richie up with him.

”I’ll drive us to your house,” Richie said, already digging out his keys.

”Should we get the rest of the losers?” Eddie asked.

They both glanced inside and saw all the losers, now completely drunk and looking like they were having the time of their lives.

Richie grinned.

”Eh, looks like they’re not too bothered by the party. We can just text them later. Come on, Eds. Let’s go home,” he said.

They both turned and Richie wrapped an arm around Eddie’s shoulders as they both silently walked away from the house and towards Richie’s truck.

”Hey, Eds?”

”Hm?”

”That hairstyle really suits you well. Perfect for me to run my hands through. It just oozes sex.”

”Beep Beep, Trashmouth.”

Author's Note:

> I really hope you all enjoyed this one shot! Feel free to leave comments and critiques! Thank you so much for reading!